

who are possessed of these inalienable rights. The man, however, who cannot vote in any State assembly without admitting this as the foundation of his property, has the atrocious injustice, the murderous injustice, to transfer upon these wretched slaves, as it were, to attempt to rob the Creator of his gifts, and to appropriate to himself his brother man, as if he could be his slave. (Cheers.) Shame be upon America! eternal shame be upon her escutcheon! (Loud cheers.)

Shortly there will not be a slave in the British colonies. Five lines in an Act of Parliament, the other night, liberated nearly 500,000 slaves in the East Indies, at a single blow. The West Indians will be obliged to grant emancipation, in spite of the paltry attempts to prevent it; and then we will turn to America, and to every part of Europe, and require emancipation. (Cheers.) When we have done this to society, he will then be asked, ARE YOU ONE OF THE THIEVES, OR ARE YOU AN HONEST MAN? (Cheers.) If you be an honest man, then you have given liberty to your slaves; if you are among the thieves, the sooner you TAKE THE OATHS OF THE SLAVES, the better. (Laughter.) No! they must not think that they can boast of their republican institutions—that they can talk of their strength and their glory. Unless they abolish slavery, they must write themselves down LIARS, or call a general convention of the States, and blot out the first sentence of their Declaration of Independence, and write in its place, "*Liberty in America means the power to flog slaves, and to work them for nothing.*" (Loud applause.) . . .

See what the nature of slavery is! The negro is to be a slave; he is to live the whole of his life without hope; and then to die, also, without it, because he must die without a knowledge of his Redeemer. He is to work without recompense, and without all feelings, as well as his person, may be lacerated as his owner pleases. But that is not enough; for fear they should lose this horrible property, as they dare to call it, they interpose between a man and a knowledge of his Creator. (Hear, hear.) It is, therefore, in vain for the Americans to plead anything in excuse. (Applause.)

But then, when reflecting on this subject, I formerly had some consolation. I thought there were humane men in America, employed in mitigating

these evils, and establishing the principles of universal emancipation, I heard of the Colony at Liverpool; I read puffs of it in the newspapers; I saw, day after day, the operations of its agents in liberating the slave. (Hear, hear.) I was waited upon by grave personages, who appeared to detest slavery as much as I did. They told me of the principles of the American Colonization Society—that it aimed at the destruction of slavery—and I took them at their words, and was glad to have another corps in the cause of humanity. I had not time to read the real history, nor the real character of the Society; but you, Mr. Chairman, have enlightened me, and I thank you for it. I find one passage that answers my purpose, and I will refer you to the work from which I make the quotation. It will be found in the 3d volume of the African Repository, page 107, and in these words: *“If it is sufficient to me to address, as yet, arguments to no master; What harm would it be to argue with the master? (Cheers.)* What an admirable Society is this, that will not, for fear of offending the gentility of the master, tell him him that he ought not to have a slave! It is a noble motive for it. I am glad that this is the Society that has the insolence to come before the British public, and represent itself as an instrument of humanity! (Hear, hear.) Words, it is said, break no bones; and what mischief could it do to these fellows by arguing with them? They might, to be sure, by showing them, that they were neither honest nor christian, make the slave the worse until their conscience was hardened. [Cheers.] *“And dangerous with horror the idea of offering temptations to any slave!—temptations to be free! to have a right to go with his wife and family where he pleases! to have a right to remain together, and to work for themselves, and not for any body else. [Cheers.]* O poor negro, who thou art rising and hastening down to the labors in the cultivation of a crop, the profit of which he shall never reap; who comes home weary, and faint, and distressed, and heart sick, to find in his little hut, creatures that are to run in the same career as himself—will they not tell him of the arrival of a period when his child shall be at an end, and that they will not tell him of the love of Him who sustained creation’s curse, that he might soften their pillow on the journey to the skies? O no, not a word! [Cheers.] *“Offering temptations to any slave!”* They will have

temptations enough! The voice of Europe will proclaim the slave's deliverance, and will say to him, 'SHED NO BLOOD, BUT TAKE CARE THAT YOUR BLOOD BE NOT SHED IN VAIN.' *Offer up your slave!*' Why, I tell the American slave owner, that he shall not have silence; yea, humble as I am, and feeble as my voice may be, yet deafening the sound of the westerly wave, and riding against the blast as thunder goes, it shall reach America, and tell the black man that the time of his emancipation is come, and the oppressor that the period of his injustice is terminated! [Cheers.] 'He denies the design of attempting emancipation, either partial or general.' This is the Society we are called upon to support! We are told that men who can endure slavery, cannot endure freedom. The West Indians tell us the moment they are free, they will rebel; that moment they will rebel. They do not rebel while they are tortured by the whip, but the instant you attempt to mitigate their sufferings, they will evince a disposition to rebellion. [Hear, hear.] The West Indians say, they will not have sudden emancipation; but this Society is worse; for, it denies the design of attempting emancipation, either partial or general!

Now, am I right in asking you to disclaim the agent of the American Colonization Society? In this country, the aristocracy and the oligarchy have got up an admirable scheme for transporting the persons of America. They do not like to have them standing by the wayside, and they have the ability to—[a laugh]—and accordingly, you have the emigration scheme. The press has been teeming, for the last eight or ten years, with publications containing the most beautiful descriptions of Canada; just as if no man can enjoy health who is not six months out of the twelve in the snow, and the coming into the country of the wild beasts is better than inhabiting the great towns of England! [Laughter and cheers.] You read of parishes every day, transporting Englishmen for the crime of being poor; and the American Colonization Society is taking up the same principle. 'We have done injustice,' it says, 'to the black man; we will give him justice to the last farthing; now do him justice? Or no; we will transport him to Africa!' That is just the scheme they have got up. [Cheers.]

The American Colonization Society has been branded with many names already. There is, how-

ever, one which it has not yet received, but which it richly deserves. I knew a gentleman, of an imaginative mind, who went out to Sierra Leone; and on his return, he told a friend of mine that he had brought home a large quantity of a new sort of ergo of bars of iron, which had been sent to that Colony, was found, after it had lain in a store two months, to be completely *worm-eaten*. [Laughter.] 'Why,' said my friend, 'what kind of worms eat iron?' 'Oh,' said he, 'they were as like bugs as any worms you can see.' My friend, who had a little Irish drollery about him, remarked, 'We have bugs of that kind in Ireland, but we call them *humb-bugs*.' [Loud cheers.] Now, the *Colonization Society* is a *humb-bug*. [Loud description; it is swarmed.] [Renewed and long continued cheers.] It will eat iron like any thing; it will digest it like an ostrich; there is nothing too hard for the stomach of the Colonization Society. [Cheers.] It is the most ludicrous Society that ever yet was dreamed of. Am I to be told that my talented and reverend friend [the

NOTHLY THE ATTENTION OF THE PEOPLE OF THE NORTH. Nothing could be more cruel—nothing more atrocious—nothing more degrading—nothing more calculated to demoralize—than the treatment of the slaves in America, while the people boasted of their adherence to universal liberty. Their Declaration of Independence lays down the principle, that man is free and uncontrolled by the laws of man; and the pursuit of happiness is in the teeth of which the slave is held, that he committed the atrocities which he had read, to be inflicted on their slaves. (Heard.)

But not only did they suffer such cruelties as these, but they were also persecuted by the laws of the people also. In the northern States, where no slave law did not exist, the free people of color were subjected to the greatest indignities. They were separated from the whites, and were not permitted to sit in the same pews in the churches, they, in the grave-yards, (for they carried their graves with them,) were not permitted to sit in the same pews in the churches, and contempt for the negro even in the most civilized countries would suppose all distinctions between the white and the colored races. In the United States, where there were separate places for the colored people in the churches (Heard.) And yet the laws which did not allow the colored people to sit in the same pews in the churches, because the American journals which were published at that day had brought intelligence that the colored people in America, and their descendants, were being persecuted by the laws of the States, and that meetings were being held for the repeal, and that meetings were being

# THE LIBERATOR.

BOSTON:

FRIDAY MORNING, MARCH 23, 1842.

## The Voice of O'Connell.

We present to our readers the most incendiary number that we have issued since we commenced the publication of the Liberator. It is all on fire with Irish indignation, Irish genius, Irish philanthropy, Irish patriotism, and Irish devotion to the cause of human liberty. We have gone to the extent of our limits in grouping together, extracts from the various anti-slavery speeches of DANIEL O'CONNELL, particularly such as relate to American slavery, and all those who are found arrayed against the American abolitionists. Can any thing be found more scorching, withering, and richly merited, than the terrible denunciations which this mighty champion of bleeding humanity pours forth against this hypocritical nation?

We have taken some trouble in making this collection, in consequence of the infamous attempts that are making to bring the Irish Address into discredit, as though it contained sentiments which O'Connell would never have endorsed. Now, compare the language of the Address (which we publish below, the language used in the extracts we have brought together, and see how identical it is in spirit with the long public avowed sentiments of the great Irish Repealer. Nay, is it not feeble in its tone, as contrasted with the thunderings of O'Connell before assembled thousands in England and Ireland? We call upon our anti-slavery journals to give as wide a circulation to the sentiments of this distinguished advocate of the colored race as practicable, that thus, if possible, our Irish-American population may be enlisted in behalf of our great enterprise, and saved from becoming the dupes and victims of the slaveholding power.

The Boston Pilot pretends that the British Government is plotting the downfall of this republic, by endeavoring to crush its horrible slave system! This is ludicrous indeed! As if our country had not more to fear from the continuance of slavery, than from any human power! As if the abolition of slavery would not make her perfectly invulnerable against all foreign attacks! Besides—how absurd, how vile it is to represent the humane appeals which come to us from the other side of the Atlantic, as emanating from hearts hostile to the perpetuity and happiness of our country! Is O'Connell our enemy, because he tells us the truth? Is he in league with the British Government? Will the Pilot answer?

The Pilot exultingly declares that the name of O'Connell is not first on the Irish Address! It matters not as to the precise place where it is found; the only pertinent question is, did he sign that document? Now, O'Connell's name stands first on the roll on the right hand side, and we suppose was the first one appended to the parchment; and to show that he did not write it in a hurry, but that he meant to make it as impressive as possible, he signed it thus—Daniel O'Connell, M. P. for the Counties of Cork and Meath—Lord Mayor of the City of Dublin.

As for the letter of Bishop Hughes, doubting the authenticity of the Address, and, in case of its genuineness, calling upon our Irish fellow-countrymen to treat it with scorn and contempt, it is a base and cunning manoeuvre to conciliate the pro-slavery sentiment of the country, and to break the force of that tempest of popular indignation which he has brought upon his head for rashly attempting to play the part of a gloomy politician, for sectarian purposes, in the city of New-York. He is no friend of slavery—not he! Now read the noble Address which he desires to see trampled under foot, because of its foreign origin!

## ADDRESS FROM THE PEOPLE OF IRELAND.

To their Countrymen and Countrywomen in America!

DEAR FRIENDS:—You are at a great distance from your native land. A wide expanse of water separates you from the beloved country of your birth—from us and from the kindred whom you love, and who love you, and pray for your happiness and prosperity in the land of your adoption. We regard America with feelings of admiration; we do not look upon her as a strange land, nor upon her people as aliens from our affections. The power of steam has brought us nearer together; it will increase the intercourse between us, so that the character of the Irish people and of the American people must in future be acted upon by the feelings and disposition of each.

The object of this address is to call your attention to the subject of SLAVERY IN AMERICA—that foul blot upon the noble institutions and the fair fame of your adopted country. But for this one stain, America would indeed be a land worthy your adoption; but she will never be the glorious country that her free constitution designed her to be, so long as her soil is polluted by the footprint of a single slave.

Slavery is the most tremendous invasion of the natural, inalienable rights of man, and of some of the noblest gifts of God, 'life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness.' What a spectacle does America present to the people of the earth! A land of professing christian republicans, uniting their energies for the oppression and degradation of a third of millions of innocent human beings, the children of one common Father, who suffer the most grievous wrongs and the utmost degradation for no crime of their ancestors or their own! Slavery is a sin against God and man. All who are not for it, must be against it. NONE CAN BE NEUTRAL. We entreat you to take the part of justice, religion, and liberty.

It is in vain that American citizens attempt to conceal their own and their country's degradation under this withering execration. America is stained by slavery! WE CALL UPON YOU TO UNITE WITH THE ABOLITIONISTS, and never to cease your efforts, until perfect liberty be granted to every one of her inhabitants, the black man as well as the white man. We are all children of the same gracious God; all equally entitled to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness.

We are told that you possess great power, both moral and political, in America. We entreat you to exercise that power and that influence for the sake of humanity.

You will not witness the horrors of slavery in all the States of America. Thirteen of them are free, and thirteen are slave States. But in all the pro-slavery feeling, though rapidly decreasing, is still strong. Do not unite with it: on the contrary, oppose it by ALL THE PEACEFUL MEANS IN YOUR POWER. JOIN WITH THE ABOLITIONISTS EVERYWHERE. They are the only consistent advocates of liberty. Tell every man, that you do not understand liberty for the white man, and slavery for the black man: that you are for LIBERTY FOR ALL, of every color, creed, and country.

The American citizen proudly points to the national declaration of independence, which declares that 'All mankind are born free and equal, and are alike entitled to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness.' Aid him to carry out this noble declaration, by obtaining freedom for the slave.

Irishmen and Irishwomen! treat the colored people as your equals, as brethren. By all your memories of Ireland, continue to hate slavery—hate slavery—CLING BY THE ABOLITIONISTS—and in America, you give honor to the name of Ireland.

(Signed by)  
DANIEL O'CONNELL,  
THEOBALD MATHEW,  
And SIXTY THOUSAND other Inhabitants of Ireland.

## Good News from Mexico.

It will be seen, by the intelligence from Mexico, via New-Orleans, that President Santa Ana has indignantly rejected the overtures of Gen. Hamilton, in behalf of Texas, to ratify a treaty of peace with that diabolical 'republic,' and nobly spurred the bribe of five millions of dollars offered by that cunning diplomatist. He very pertinently asks, by what authority Gen. Hamilton, a citizen of the United States, undertakes to make such proffers to the President. We regret that we are not permitted, by the New-Orleans papers, to see the whole of Santa Ana's elaborate reply; but, from the meagre extracts which the Beeveventures to lay before its readers, it is obvious that the document is one of great ability, and in all respects worthy of its distinguished author. It seems that Santa Ana still avows his determination to expel the land-plundering Texans from their ill-gotten territory; and it is worthy of notice that his efforts to recover Texas will be stimulated by the desire to free her from the stains caused by the blood and tears of the African race. We have no doubt that he will be equally decisive in refusing to entertain any proposition from Waddy Thompson, our Minister to Mexico, to cede Texas to the United States for a stipulated remuneration, should such a proposition be made to him. He is evidently well informed in regard to the intentions of our southern slaveholders, and the designs of the American government, and we presume will soon perish amid the ruins of Mexico than be made the tool of those who revel in 'the blood and tears of the African race.' If Santa Ana, however, is planning the invasion of Texas, he ought to keep in lively remembrance the fact, that every hour's delay renders success more doubtful on his part, and that the Texian population is rapidly increasing by emigration from this country. It is perfectly clear to our mind, that the success of Texas will prove the overthrow of Mexico. We believe that nothing less than the subjugation of all Mexico is contemplated by the Texian government, as the crowning act of Anglo-Saxon ambition and republican slaveholding rapacity. On another point we feel equally sure. Unless the administration of our national government pass out of the hands of the slaveholding power within the next four years, a war with Mexico will be waged on various pretexts, but either with a design to aid the Texans in their conflict with that country, or to bring Texas into the Union by conquest from Mexico, and by agreement with the Texian authorities. It is time for the people of the North, who have been so long hoodwinked by slavery, to recover their sight, and act with all the energy and decision that become freemen.

Shall our New-England stand erect no longer, But stoop in chains upon her downward way, Thicker to gather on her limbs, and stronger, Day after day?

Daniel Webster.

The letter of instructions to Edward Everett, respecting the Creole case, written by this 'archangel fallen,' emanating as it does from a whig, is peculiarly palatable to the 'democracy' of the country, and particularly precious in the eyes of that thunder-scared prodigy of the pit, John C. Calhoun, and the whole gang of southern slave-drivers. The Bay State Democrat to whom such democracy? 'O 'tis rank! it smells to heaven!' thinks Mr. Webster's course in this matter has been highly honorable. 'We have not been well pleased with all of Mr. Webster's movements, in regard to our foreign relations, but cheerfully award to him the meed of praise in this case.' Honorable—is it—for him to stultify himself as a lawyer, and degrade himself as a man, by demanding of the British government, first, as goods and chattels, and next, as 'mutineers and murderers,' to be delivered up for condign punishment, those brave captives, who, with the hero Madison Washington at their head, succeeded in bursting their fetters, and delivering themselves from the horrors of slavery. Praiseworthy—is it—in him to seek to reduce to bondage, those who, by the Providence of God, became free! Such an act of downright villainy makes the 'Bay State Democrat' cheerful and well pleased!

Well, we will try to remember this, when we hear that paper clamoring about 'federalism,' and 'aristocracy,' and 'monopoly,' and all that. As for Webster, he has fallen like Lucifer, and we fear, like that proud son of the morning, 'never to rise again.' His infamy, like his own intellect, shall be of colossal size, and more indelible than marble. His greatness bears no proportion to his meanness. The people of Massachusetts should hold him in abhorrence, and make their voices to resound like the noise of many waters, in condemnation of his horrible conduct. So far as the 'negro race' are concerned, he has shown himself to be as unprincipled and as brutal as any kidnapper that has ever haunted the coast of Africa. He is ready to plunge this country into the horrors of war, in defence of the infernal slave trade on our own coast; and he instructs Mr. Everett to menace England, in case of her refusal to surrender the self-emancipated captives of the Creole!

From the New World.

## SONNET

On Mr. Webster's departure for England.

BY JAMES ALDRICH.

Whom all delight to honor in his heart,  
Webster! the warden of his country's fate!  
Whom neither gold nor flattery can lure,  
Who scorns to stoop to selfish, servile arts,  
Or lose, for power, a patriot's spotless name—  
Bids us farewell—for Alibon's shore departs.  
Bears him, whose mind is emblem'd well in thee,  
Great ocean: safely to the wished-for mart.  
A nobler product of our country free,  
Never crossed thy pathless waves. With him we part,  
Whose shield is honor! birth-right, liberty!  
Patriot and statesman, both in him we see!  
His name is dear to every freeman's heart,  
And proud may England of her grandson be!

Satire so caustic and piercing as the above makes us pity the individual scolded, until we recollect how richly he has deserved it. Every line contains a sting, but all are too true to the degradation of him who in his early life described the enslavement of human beings in fitting terms on Plymouth rock, and who in mature age has sold himself to the demon of slavery for a sixteenth in the Presidential lottery.

## The Chartist Movement—Temperance Cause—Capital Punishment.

The following are the paragraphs which, for want of room, we were compelled to omit last week, in publishing the letter of our esteemed Dublin correspondent, RICHARD ALLEN:

The Chartist movement, with peace as its sheet-anchor, will rapidly take the land. Thou art aware that Joseph Sturge has almost entirely thrown himself into the 'complete suffrage' question. He believes that it is idle to hope for any thing substantial in the way of reform, until the people are fairly represented. Why, what is the fact, as I have heard it stated? That Sir Robert Peel has a majority of 140 in the House of Commons, to back him in refusing to make any essential alteration in the Corn Laws. Can any thing more monstrous be conceived, than such a state of things, unless it be poor North crouching to the South on the question of slavery?

The Temperance cause, I am glad to tell thee, flourishes increasingly in Ireland. The good, the wonderful 'Father Mathew' is as indefatigable as ever. I had him at my house for a brief space, a short time since, and honored I felt with his company. The Dublin Monthly Magazine, of this month, gives extensive statistics of Prisons, Savings Banks, Judges' charges, testimonies of leading individuals, &c. all showing the wonderful results of Temperance. I wish I could send thee a copy of it. I know the accounts would deeply interest thee. What a giant movement this Temperance is! What an exemplification of the power of the people—the superiority of moral over physical means! The Law first offered

the temptation, and then seized the tempted and fallen wretch as a criminal; but Temperance took him by the hand, no matter how sunk and degraded he was, cherished him as a brother, and placed him on the rock. Following the example of the Saviour of mankind, it exercised its beneficent power on the low, the poor, and the outcast.

The reign of capital punishments is not yet at an end. A poor boy, between 17 and 18, will, I fear, be hung for the unaccountable homicide of a child, before the week is over. We are making what exertions we can to save him, but the Government appear inexorable; and many who oppose capital punishments in the abstract, will not help us now practically. Thus it is! All declare war to be wrong in the abstract, but, when the time of trial comes, how many take the wrong side!

There is to be an Anti-Slavery Convention in Paris, on the 21st. We have appointed Daniel O'Connell, Dr. Madden, and Charles Corkran, as our delegates. Watch Texas! She intends you mischief!

## The Marriage Law.

A legislative correspondent of one of our democratic exchanges asserts that the bill repealing this law, (that is, so much of it as makes complexion a crime,) was lost in its last stage in the House, through the influence of Gov. Davis. He adds that 'it is rumored that he (Gov. D.) wishes and expects to be run for Vice President on the same ticket with Henry Clay, and that his signature to that bill might hurt him at the South.' This may be a mere party fling, and yet it may all be true. We should like to have more information on this point, if it can be given. It is evident that some kind of legend was used to defeat the marriage bill, and if it can be satisfactorily shown who pulled the wires, political retribution will be meted out with all impartiality and fidelity. The late session of the Legislature cost the people of this State nearly fifty thousand dollars, and all that was done by it was not worth fifty cents. The earnest and just desires of the people, manifested in the presentation of hundreds of petitions on various important subjects, were treated with contempt, and nothing was allowed to be accomplished that would elevate the character or promote the interests of the Commonwealth. As to the rumor about Gov. Davis and the Vice Presidency, it is the first time we have heard of it; but if he is looking that way, we have only to say, that for him or any other man to have his name placed on the same ticket with Henry Clay, would be about as hopeful and sagacious as the conduct of the land-lubber at sea, who, in a gale of wind that threatened momentarily to sink the ship, lashed himself to the anchor, in order that he might be sure to float easily. George McDuffie's chance for the Presidency is incomparably better than Henry Clay's, and that is as hopeless as a voyage to the moon. To the abolitionists universally, no man is more odious than Henry Clay; and, in case of his nomination, they would rally en masse to defeat his election.

We have omitted to mention, that the following remonstrances were presented in the House, during the late session.—Of Joseph Winn and others; of Gideon Tucker and others; of George Nichols and others; of T. P. Pingree and others—all of them, we believe, from Salem—severally against allowing equal rights to all human beings, irrespective of complexional differences, traveling on the various railroads in this Commonwealth. One of these remonstrances was left for signatures at the Insurance Offices in Salem, and reads as follows:

To the Hon. the Senate and the Hon. the House of Representatives of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, in General Court assembled:

The undersigned, inhabitants of Salem in the County of Essex, respectfully remonstrate against the passage of an Act, requiring rail road companies to carry passengers of all colors in the same car, for the following reasons, viz:

First—Because, it is well known, that there exists in this community a very strong public sentiment in favor of the regulations adopted by the Eastern rail-road Company to carry white and colored passengers in different cars.

Second—Because the comfort and convenience of a very large majority of passengers will be thereby seriously diminished.

Third—Because it has not yet been shown, that the comfort or convenience of any considerable portion of white passengers requires, that they should have the company of blacks in the same car.

Fourth—Because the passage of such an Act would be in itself a compromise with any good purpose, and would probably be attended with very serious difficulties in its administration.

And as in duty bound, &c.

Salem, Feb. 17, 1842.

Here are four weighty reasons, truly! The first begs the Legislature not to do justice to an injured class of our fellow-citizens, because 'a very strong public sentiment' is against any change! This is the old despotic dogma—'Might makes right.' But a word as to this public sentiment. Four remonstrances (from one place) were presented on the side of a dastardly tyranny; while scores, perhaps hundreds of petitions, (we hope to obtain the exact number, ere long), from all parts of the Commonwealth, were presented in favor of equal rights. So much for the first reason.

The second is false and impudent. The 'comfort and convenience' of none but low-minded persons, filled with a prejudice equally vulgar and malignant, would be diminished by such an arrangement. It is asking, moreover, that the inalienable rights of man may be sacrificed upon the altar of a rabid taste.

The third reason is a specimen of Billingsgate slang.

The last reason is untrue in every particular. To crush tyranny is 'to accomplish a good purpose'; and why the same usage on the Eastern rail-road that is allowed on the Worcester and other rail-roads in this State, should be attended with serious difficulties, we are unable to perceive.

If we can obtain the names of those who signed this petition, we promise to lay them before our readers, and to let a curious posterity examine them in the light which will then shine without an intervening cloud.

The letter of our benevolent friend James Canning Fuller, of Skaneateles, N. Y. enclosing a check for \$25, in favor of Lunenburg Lane, is received. In referring to Lunenburg, he says—'I hope, when he goes South, he will do well, and on his return leave not a hoof behind of his family, and that he may be abundantly blessed, settle where they may.' He adds in a postscript—'I shall not soon forget the Faneuil Hall meeting, and I hope the friends in Boston are carrying forward among the Irish the work so happily begun.' How must it pain the heart of this kind philanthropist, to see his own countrymen here (for he is an Irishman) being entrapped into the support of the horrid slave system by unprincipled leaders and crafty demagogues! Will he not send us a communication for the Liberator on this subject?

GRAND MEETING IN ALBANY. It gives us great pleasure to learn, that our anti-slavery friends in Albany have determined to call a grand Anti-Slavery Convention, to be held in that city on the 22d and 23d of April next. As the 'democratic' Argus (with its 'hundred eyes' put out, and blind as a bat), has presumed to doubt the authenticity of the Irish Address, that important document will be forwarded to that meeting for the inspection of all who wish to see it. Remond will probably accompany it, and we shall endeavor to go with him.

ESSEX COUNTY WASHINGTONIANS. This is a large and handsomely printed sheet, which takes the place of the Lynn Record, and is published simultaneously at Salem and Lynn—D. H. Barlow, Editor. It is especially devoted to the cause of Temperance, as its title implies, but will also embrace general literature and the news of the day in its design. We trust it will drive the ploughshare of reform deep and deep, and receive the most substantial patronage.

## The Explosion.

The following are the particulars of the terrific explosion of the steamboat North Star, on the 25th ult. about 12 miles below Tuscaloosa, Ala., as given by one of the passengers:

We left the wharf about half-past 11 o'clock in the morning, with probably not more than fifty passengers on board. The cabin was crowded with about sixteen passengers in the cabin, viz: Mr. Alfrey Battle and lady, Mrs. Kelly and two children, Capt. J. M. Withers, Capt. Richardson, Col. C. D. Conner, Col. McPherson, Mr. S. Tarrant, Mr. A. J. Gilmer, Mr. Harris, Mr. Huzzey, Mr. Hand, Mr. Fuller, a lady whose name was unknown, and myself.

We had neither stopped nor attempted to stop from the commencement, but were travelling cheerfully and lightly along at the rate of some ten or twelve miles an hour, when the two boilers in rapid succession exploded like the roar of two of the largest pieces of artillery, while the vessel quivered to her keel; in an instant two-thirds of that beautiful boat was thrown into the air to an incredible height, and shivered into atoms a stream of noxious gas from the boilers passed with such tremendous force toward the stern, through the heads of the cabin, that our hats were carried from our heads with the current; and enveloped in smoke, and bewildered with the yell and groans of the dying sufferers, whose bodies lay torn to pieces, and with such tremendous force toward the stern, around us was but dimly understood.

So powerful was the explosion, that one of the boilers, with its immense weight, was blown at least one hundred and fifty yards over the tops of the highest trees, into the open field, and not far from it lies the plume of smoke which it struck four or five feet to the earth like the ball of a cannon. In that moment you may imagine the distress of the inmates of the ladies' cabin—consternation seemed to have been fixed upon all so as to deprive them of all consciousness of either.

I left them to discover (as the smoke cleared off) the extent of damage done, and the dangers still to be apprehended, and advanced as far forward as I could on the hurricane roof. I saw the heads of three or four men who had been blown into the air, and had fallen into the river, struggling feebly with the waves, to keep themselves on the surface, and the only sound portion of the crew were pursuing their bodies with the yawl. The boilers had all disappeared. One of them had been blown into the air, and a portion of it had passed through the deck and the hull of the boat to the bottom of the river, leaving a large hole through which the water oozed freely, and I saw that she must sink in a few minutes, in spite of every effort to prevent it that might be used. Not a single being could be seen that was not dead.

The whole body of her hull, from the wheel house to the bow, had been shattered into mere shells.

The false sides were blasted into mere atoms, and were already filled up with water; the main deck was shivered into splinters, and the heads, legs, and arms, of apparently a number of persons, were sticking out of the river, projecting out here and there from the mass of inflammable substances which had now fallen into the hull, and in a confused pile were mingling with red hot embers from the furnace, while their groans and cries for help came horribly and awfully to my ears.

Just at this moment, the boat having still her full speed upon her, and coming to a bend of the river, I was gladdened with the prospect of running into a steep bluff before me, although I was afraid that coming with such speed, when she struck the rock, she might be shattered to pieces, and placing myself in a position, not to be thrown overboard by the shock, I awaited the blow; she struck with a dreadful rebound which shook her from stem to stern. I thought she would be hurled into the air, and I saw her bow flying forward to the bow, walking on the ends of the ribs, which formed her hull.

When I reached the bow, she was now retreating from the bluff, and I began again to despair; but with a strength which I never had before, I made a spring, and succeeded in grasping the branch of a tree that overhung the river, from an almost perpendicular precipice, from 15 to 20 feet in height, and calling loudly to a black man, who happened at that moment to have risen to his feet, I made him throw me the rope, which I fastened to a tree, and he then swung round, and out in the middle of the stream, she swung round, and, in doing so, I discovered that she was pulling the tree away by the roots, and I thought they were all going out again into the stream, and would be consumed by the flames; I saw the fires commencing in different places, and kindling into a blaze; and the shrieks and groans of the poor sufferers made my heart sick; but straining my voice to its highest pitch, I at length made the black man throw me another rope which I fastened to a better tree, and this held her until she swung round in the current.

During this time I could neither see Mr. Battle, nor any other person that could move, except the black boy before mentioned, and I still despair of getting them to the shore; the flames were kindling, and I had called loudly with all my power to Mr. Battle and Captain Richardson, who were striving still to keep the ladies calm in their cabin, not knowing there was any further danger; and the thought that I should see them all destroyed in the flames was awful in the extreme. At length they heard my voice, and by signs and speaking in groups, they were enabled to show them how they might escape, and get toward me; and not until they had reached the bow of the vessel were they thoroughly aware of the danger they had been in.

The ladies were enabled to cross the flames by the assistance of a group of men who got the ladies from the boat to the shore, for she was kindling into a tremendous blaze.

By pushing a plank toward the bank from the boat, and springing from the end of it, they were enabled to come within three feet of the bluff at a single spring. And with these means I got all the ladies, the children, and all the men who were able to move, safely landed on the shore.

But the tale is yet untold; the boat was now entirely enveloped in flames; from stem to stern it was one mighty mass of that dread element. And before our eyes, in that abyss of flame, there were not less than ten or twelve of our fellow beings burning into cinders. I saw before me three of them burning into the brightest flame—one of them apparently in a sitting position.

The groans, the heart-sickening cries of others could be heard, who could not be seen, and we could render them no assistance whatever. From the moment of explosion until she was burnt down to the water's edge, not more than twenty minutes had elapsed.

Those that were lost were chiefly belonging to the crew, and their names unknown. The captain of the boat, Capt. Parham and Col. C. D. Conner were standing together by the pilot-house, a few minutes before I was enabled to escape; and I have no doubt they were both blown away together, along with the pilot; the captain was picked up by a small boat.

The body of the pilot, who was at the wheel, has not been found; neither has the body of Col. Conner. The bar-keeper has not been found. Capt. Clay, the first pilot, was Mr. Weller, a clock pedler, in his late A young gentleman who was playing drafts in the social hall (name unknown) has also been lost. In all, about fifteen lost, and eight or ten severely wounded; some of them are not likely to recover.

One poor fellow, when I pulled him ashore, with both legs broken, begged me for God's sake to cut them off; he has since died, I understand. Capt. Withers was the last man who was on the boat, and was saved; he was not conscious of the danger until the fire spread so suddenly, over the boat that he could not come to our shore, but had to jump from the stern and swim to the other side of the river.

There will be many speculations concerning the state of the boilers. I will give it as my opinion that the boilers were not such as the law required; and that they were not thinking so, that I have seen them, and the boilers that may be found in a field close by the scene of this dreadful catastrophe are not thicker than an ordinary copper cent.

I also believe that there was little or no water in them, for the reason—as the moment of the explosion, and nothing appeared to come from her either in the shape of steam or water, but a noxious gas passed through the cabin from the boilers, extremely disagreeable; but the most convincing proof that there was no water in her boilers is found in the fact that a piece of the boiler at the moment of explosion, about 100 pounds in weight, came off like a shell from a cannon, carrying state rooms, roof, and every obstruction like chaff before it, and fell on the cabin floor, within a few feet from where I was sitting, and burnt through the wooden carpet and set the cabin floor in a blaze.

If there had been water in the boilers, this could not have taken place, especially while she was neither stopping nor starting, but in regular motion; and that such is the fact, I am prepared to prove, both by Capt. Withers and Richardson, who threw water on the iron to keep down the fire—I hope this will be fully investigated.

Yours, very respectfully,

THOMAS MAXWELL.

Tuscaloosa, Feb. 27, 1842.

\*This black man, who handed me the rope, turns out to have been a fellow passenger, Col. McPherson, who at the time of the explosion was sitting at the boiler deck, and was thrown up into the air to a considerable height, and fell immediately by the bow of the vessel, among a pile of fragments from the furnace; his face was as black as any negro on board, and he seems to have been thrown to me at the moment for the safety of many valuable lives.

## Highly important from Mexico—Refusal of Santa Ana to treat for the Independence of Texas.

The schooner William Byrnes, arrived at New-Orleans from Vera Cruz, brings advices from Mexico city to the 27th ult.

The *Diario del Gobierno*, published at the city of Mexico, of the 26th February, contains a long and somewhat interesting correspondence between General B. Bee, of the Texian Legation, and President Santa Ana; and between Gen. James Hamilton and the same august functionary.

Gen. Hamilton's letter is dated on board the steam frigate *Frisco*, January 13th, 1842. His epistle is brief and laconic. He proposes to Santa Ana to ratify a treaty of peace and limitation with Texas, for the consideration of an indemnity of five millions of dollars, together with a bonus of \$200,000 which will be securely placed at the disposition of the agents of the government.

To this letter Santa Ana makes an exceedingly long reply. He makes a great parade of disinterestedness, and abuses Gen. Hamilton without stint for his offers. He asks by what title Gen. H., a citizen of the United States, undertakes to make such proffers to the President. He says that he appreciates all the advantages of possessing the Territory of Texas, and all the danger of suffering it to remain in the hands of those who occupy it; that he never will renounce the determination to regain it. He reiterates his fanatical adherence concerning Mexican valor and constancy, and berates the late Administration for its apathy and indifference to this important matter.

Never, says he, will I contribute to the recognition of her fatal independence. To propose five millions of dollars for renouncing Texas, is an insult and a piece of audacity—allow me to add that the proffer of two hundred thousand dollars for the secret agents of the Mexican government, is an insult and an infamy unworthy of a gentleman.

In concluding, he refers to the existence of slavery in Texas, and observes that his efforts to recover that country, will be stimulated by the desire to free her from the stains caused by the blood and tears of the African race.

## Important Mission to England.

At a special meeting of the Executive Committee of the New-England Non-Resistance Society, held in Boston, on Saturday, March 19th, 1842, the following preamble and resolutions were presented by WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON, and adopted:

Whereas, the cause of christian reform is independent of all national distinctions and geographical boundaries, and the field of labor is 'the world'—

And whereas, it has been proposed that a World's Convention, to discuss the great subject of human rights in all its relations and tendencies, and to be composed of individuals without regard to sex, complexion or crime, should be held in the United States at the earliest practicable period—

And whereas, it is by the interchange of sentiments, and by personal acquaintance, that national antipathies are removed, and a mutual feeling of brotherhood is kindled—

Resolved, That, in the opinion of this Executive Committee, the cause of non-resistance, of anti-slavery, of temperance, of moral reform, and of a pure and equal Christianity, would be likely to receive a strong impetus by a mission of our beloved brother, and faithful coadjutor, HENRY C. WRIGHT, to England, during the present year; and that an appeal be immediately made to the friends of these enterprises, for pecuniary aid to enable him to carry this mission into effect without delay.

Resolved, That this appeal be prepared under the direction of the Executive Committee, and published in the Non-Resistant, Liberator, Standard, and Herald of Freedom.

Whatever is to be done for this mission, must be done quickly. It is very desirable that our brother WRIGHT should leave for England in the course of two or three weeks, in order that he may arrive in season to attend the great anniversary meetings in London, which are held early in May. There are some noble spirits in Great Britain, who are anxious to receive a visit from this indefatigable friend of the human race, and who stand ready to give him the right hand of fellowship on his arrival. Among his numerous temperance, anti-slavery and non-resistance friends in this country, who, however poor in this world's goods, will be eager to cast in at least two mites, to facilitate him in his labors of love abroad? True, we scarcely know how to spare him, even for an hour, from our shores; but as our regard for the human race is illimitable, and as there are special reasons why he should visit England at this time, we most cheerfully bid him God-speed. Letters may be addressed to CHARLES K. WHITFIELD, or to Wm. L. GARRISON, 25 Cornhill. Let not the mission fail for want of funds. Remember the adage—Many hands make light work.

## The Time for Action.

BRO. GARRISON:—The following resolution was presented at a meeting of the Danvers (New Mills) Anti-Slavery Society, discussed and adopted, and voted to be sent to the Liberator for publication:

Resolved, That we view the late decision of the Supreme Court of the United States, as sufficient proof that we have nothing to expect from that corrupt body, in defence of human rights, or the liberties of the people; and that nothing remains to the citizens of the North, but a desperate death-struggle with the dark spirit of slavery, or a tame surrender of all the rights of freemen.

A. R. PORTER, Secretary.

Danvers, (New Mills), March 11, 1842.

## Bible Convention

## POETRY.

## BLIND OLD MILTON.

BY WILLIAM E. AYTON.

Place me once more, my daughter, where the sun  
May shine upon my old and time-worn head,  
For the last time, perchance. My race is run;  
And soon amidst the ever-silent dead  
I must repose, it may be, half forgot.  
Yes! I have broken the hard and bitter bread  
For many a year, with those who trembled not  
To buckle on their armor for the fight,  
And set themselves against the tyrant's lot;  
And I have never bow'd me to his might,  
Nor knelt before him—for I bear within  
My heart the sternest consciousness of right,  
And that perpetual gleam of light

Which made me what I am; and though the stain  
Of poverty be on me, yet I win  
More honor by it than the blinded train  
Who hug their willing servitude, and bow  
Unto the weakest and the most profane.  
Therefore, with unnumbered soul I go  
Before the footstool of my Maker, where  
I hope to stand as undebased as now!

Child! is the sun abroad? I feel my hair  
Borne up and wafted by the gentle wind,  
I feel the odors that perfume the air,  
And hear the rustling of the leaves behind.

Within my heart I picture them, and then  
I almost can forget that I am blind,  
And old, and hated by my fellow-men.  
Yet would I fain once more behold the grace  
Of Nature ere I die, and gaze again  
Upon her living and rejoicing face;

Fain would I see thy countenance, my child,  
My comfort! I feel thy dear embraces,  
I hear thy voice so musical and mild,  
The patient, low interpreter, by whom  
So many years of sadness are beguiled;

For it hath of my small and scanty room  
Peopled with glowing visions of the past.  
But I will calmly bend me to my doom,  
And wait the hour which is approaching fast,  
When triple light shall stream upon mine eyes,  
And Heaven itself be opened up at last,

To him who dared foretell its mysteries.  
I have had visions in this drear eclipse  
Of outward consciousness, and clomb the skies,  
Striving to utter with my earthly lips  
What the divine soul had half-divined,  
Even as the saint in his Apocalypses,

Who saw the inmost glory, where enshrined  
Sat He who fashioned glory. This hath driven  
All outward strife and tumult from my mind,  
And humbled me, until I have forgiven  
My bitter enemies, and only seek  
To find the straight and narrow path to Heaven.

Yet I am weak—O, how entirely weak,  
For one who may not live nor suffer more!  
Sometimes unbidden tears will wet my cheek,  
And my heart bound as keenly as of yore,  
Responsive to a voice, now hushed to rest,  
Which made the beautiful Italian shores,  
With all its pomp of summer vineyards dressed,  
An Eden and a Paradise to me.

Do the sweet breezes from the balmy West  
Still murmur through the olives, Parthenope,  
In search of odors from the orange boughs?  
Still on the slopes of verdure does the bee  
Cull her rare honey from the virgin flowers?  
And Philomel her plaintive throat prolong,  
'Neath skies more calm and more serene than ours,  
Making the summer one perpetual song?

Art thou the same as when in manhood's pride  
I walked in joy thy grassy meads among,  
With that fair youthful vision by my side,  
In whose bright eyes I looked—and not in vain?  
O, my adored angel! O, my bride!

Despite of years, and woe, and want, and pain,  
My soul years back toward thee, and I seem  
To wander with thee, hand in hand, again,  
By the bright margin of that floating stream.  
I hear again thy voice, more silver sweet  
Than fabled music floating in a dream.

Possess my being; from afar I greet  
The waving of thy garments in a glade,  
And the light rustling of thy fairy feet—  
What time as one half-angry, half-afraid,  
Love's burning secret faltered on my tongue,  
And tremulous looks and broken words betrayed  
The secret of the heart from whence they sprang.  
Ah! me, the earth that rendered thee to Heaven,  
Gave up an angel, beautiful and young;

Spotless and pure as snow when freshly driven,  
A bright Aurora for the starry sphere  
Where all is love, and even life forgiven.  
Bride of immortal beauty—ever dear!  
Dost thou await me in thy blissed abode?  
While I, Tithonus-like, must linger here,  
And count each step along the rugged road,  
A phantom, tottering to a long-made grave,  
And eager to lay down my weary load?

I, that was fancy's lord, an fancy's slave—  
Like the low murmurs of the Indian shell,  
'Tis from its coral bed beneath the wave,  
Which unforgotten of the ocean's swell,  
Retains within its mystic urn, the hum  
Heard in the sea-grotto, where the Nereids dwell—  
Old thoughts that haunt me, unawares they come  
Between me and my rest, nor can I make  
Those aged visions of a narrow dumb,  
O, yet awake, my feeble soul, awake!

Nor wander back with sulen steps again;  
For neither journey pastime can't thou take  
In such a journey, nor endure the pain  
The phantoms of the past are dead for thee;  
So let them ever uninvoked remain,  
And be thou calm till death shall set thee free.

Thy flowers of hope expanded long ago,  
Long since their blossoms withered on the tree!  
No second spring can come to make them blow,  
But in the silent winter of the grave  
They lie with blighted love and buried woe.

I did not waste the gifts which nature gave,  
Nor slumbered in the Circean bowers;  
Nor did I yield myself the willing slave  
Of lust for pride, for riches, or for power.  
No! in my heart a nobler spirit dwelt;  
For constant was my faith in manhood's dower;

Man—made in God's own image—and I felt  
How of our own accord we courted shame,  
Until to idols like ourselves we knelt,  
And so renowned the great and glorious claim  
Of freedom, our immortal heritage.

I saw how bigotry, with spiteful aim,  
Smote at the searching eye-sight of the sage;  
How Error stole behind the steps of Truth,  
And cast delusion on the sacred page.  
So, as a champion, even in early youth  
I waged my battle with a purpose keen;

Nor feared the hand of Terror, nor the tooth  
Of serpent Jealousy. And I have been  
With starry Galileo in his cell,  
With wise magician with the bow serene,  
Who fathomed space; and I have seen him tell  
The wonders of the planetary sphere,  
And trace the ramparts of Heaven's citadel,  
On the cold flagstones of his dungeon drear.

And I have walked with Hampden and with Vane,  
Names once so gracious to an English ear,  
In days that never may return again.  
My voice, though not the loudest, hath been heard  
Whenever freedom raised her cry of pain,  
And the faint effort of the humble bard

Hath roused up thousands from their lethargy,  
To speak in words of thunder. What reward  
Was mine or theirs? It matters not; for I  
Am but a leaf cast on the whirling tide,  
Without a hope or wish, except to die.  
But truth asserted once, must still abide,  
Unquenchable, as are those fiery springs  
Which day and night glow from the mountain side,

Perpetual meteors girt with lambent wings,  
Which the wild tempest tosses to and fro,  
But cannot conquer with the force it brings.

Yet I, who ever felt another's woe,  
More keenly than my own untold distress;  
I, who have battled with the common foe,  
And broke for years the bread of bitterness;

Who never yet abandoned or betrayed  
The trust vouchsafed me, nor have ceased to bless,  
Am left alone to winter in the shade,  
A weak old man, deserted by his kind—  
Whom none will comfort in his age, nor aid!

O, let me not repine! A quiet mind,  
Conscious and upright, needs no other stay;  
Nor can I grieve for what I leave behind;  
In the rich promise of eternal day.

Henceforth to me the world is dead and gone,  
Its thorns unfelt, its roses cast away,  
And the old pilgrim, weary and alone,  
Bowed down with travel, at his Master's gate  
Now sits, his task of life-long labor done.

Thankful for rest, although it comes so late,  
After sore journey through this world of sin,  
In hope, and prayer, and watchfulness to wait,  
Until the door shall open, and let him in.

## NON-RESISTANCE.

For the Liberator.

## Ballot-Box and Battle-Field.

## TO VOTERS IN THE UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT.

[CONCLUDED.]

## How is EACH VOTER GUILTY OF THE WHOLE?

Suppose I steal a man with my own hands. Here my guilt is obvious—I have no associates. I employ another to steal him. Here, too, my guilt is plain. But I have an associate—my agent. I am principal. Ten of us unite and employ the agent, each would have done the deed, and been guilty of the whole. My guilt can never be diminished by the number engaged with me in any villainy. If I vote for a military chieftain, or for the captain of a band of pirates, I am responsible for all that my agent does in his official capacity, though millions vote with me.

Men are not responsible to God as organizations, but as individuals. Though millions unite and elect the same agent to do the same deed, yet each is as responsible for the whole as if he acted alone. Men must account to God, not for *securities* or *national* compacts, but by individuals. Each one must give account of himself to God.

Each voter is the Congress, the President, the commander-in-chief, the consular officer, the judge, the man; the army and navy; and when the Seminoles and Cherokees are plundered and murdered; the fugitive slave taken back to chains and tears; the slave-trade carried on; the slaves sold down for doing what the nation declares is 'obedience to God'; these deeds are done by the two and a half millions of voters; and each voter is responsible for all that is done by the whole. Each voter breaks all the necks that are broken by the government; and does all the shooting and stabbing done by it.

How can any follower of the Prince of Peace identify himself with the Federal Government as a voter? He must vote for war, and for all its bloody essentials. His heart is full of love and peace, and a love that seeketh not her own; and yet he votes for a kind, forgiving, long-suffering; the martial spirit has given place to the spirit of Jesus, and his hands can never execute a deed of violence and blood which the kind and gentle spirit within him can never conceive. How can a spirit, thus baptized into Christ, go to the ballot-box and vote for a deed of violence, and blood, and death, and destruction, and for the supremacy of God? In doing so, he votes for 'piracy, highway robbery, duellings, lynchings, mobs, bowie-knives, daggers, and the assassin's dirk.' Can a man vote for war, and pray that all wars may cease? Can he vote for swords and guns, and pray that all deadly weapons may be beaten up? He votes for war, and for the ballot-box and vote for a deed of violence, and blood, and death, and destruction, and for the supremacy of God? In doing so, he votes for 'piracy, highway robbery, duellings, lynchings, mobs, bowie-knives, daggers, and the assassin's dirk.' Can a man vote for war, and pray that all wars may cease? Can he vote for swords and guns, and pray that all deadly weapons may be beaten up? He votes for war, and for the ballot-box and vote for a deed of violence, and blood, and death, and destruction, and for the supremacy of God? In doing so, he votes for 'piracy, highway robbery, duellings, lynchings, mobs, bowie-knives, daggers, and the assassin's dirk.' Can a man vote for war, and pray that all wars may cease? Can he vote for swords and guns, and pray that all deadly weapons may be beaten up? He votes for war, and for the ballot-box and vote for a deed of violence, and blood, and death, and destruction, and for the supremacy of God? 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